



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1862.

NO. 3.

Poetry for the Hour.

THE TWO SUNSETS.

BY MRS. HENSON.

Father gave us his blessing—
Three stout sons were we;
I the eldest and the tallest—
Jacob was next to me.

Abel the youngest and darling,
With his mother's thoughtful eye—
The handsomest boy that ever
Went willingly forth to die.

Father had read from the Psalmist
A war-song, kingly and bold;
O! I remember that hour—
That sunset, royal with gold.

Lighting crimson flames in the windows,
With a touch of its flashing mace,
And how in shadowless splendor
It crept to my mother's face.

Tinging the pallid hollows,
And the eyes that were wet with tears,
With a marvelous amber-lustre
That stole away half her years.

White, white, in the shadowy night,
Lifted the tented towers;
And through each moss-green avenue
The moonlight drifted down.

We brothers sat together
When the hurried order came,
And we swore with locked hands lifted
We would win death, or fame.

Quick to our arms, and forward,
In many a varied line,
And on till the gray-white shadows
Made way for the sun to shine.

And on till the beneficent canopy
Held thunder above the ground,
And we knew by the air's hot pulsings,
That death was in every sound.

I knew no coward flinching,
I felt no throb of dread;
If I could shelter Abel,
No matter for me, I said.

Great heaven! that fatal moment
A cloud of bullets came—
And Abel—he sprang forward
Mourning his mother's name—

And under cruel horse-boots
The boy fell in his gore—
With another cry of "Mary!"
My God! I can tell no more.

There stood the old brown cottage,
There lay the gray door-stone,
And I with my wounds still smarting,
Must enter the portals alone.

By the light of a dim-paneled window
My sorrowful father bent,
And the sunset to his tresses
A strange, white glory lent.

One cry that was partly joyous,
One sob as my name was spoken,
And I knew in that mournful sunset hour,
My mother's heart was broken.

O in the silent chamber
I write as I sit alone,
And I see from the little window
The gleam of a church-yard stone;

That marks the grave of my mother—
O! bitterly then I weep,
For I think of the Southern hill-side
Where Jacob and Abel sleep.

I know it may be sinful,
But my heart must have its will,
And I curse all ruthless traitors
Who heap such graves to fill.

Our Story-Teller.

ABRAHAM AND SARAH.

"Are he lift up his eyes, and looked, and lo, three men stood by him. And he said, My Lord, if I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away. And I will tell a morsel of bread, and comfort your hearts; after that ye shall pass on."

Upon one of the cold, dreary, rainy Saturdays of the last month, the 76th Regiment of New York Volunteers, arrived in this city, after a cheerless night ride down the Hudson River Railroad from Albany. By some accident one of the trains was detained, with all the principal officers, while the other train full of hungry men, arrived at Thirty-third street in time for a late breakfast, but with little prospect of breaking it, for they had no one to move them forward, and the orders of their officers, which a soldier's first duty is to obey, were to await orders at that point; and there, till after ten o'clock, in cold cars, or upon the cold pavements, they did wait, tantalized with the thought of being upon the very threshold of plenty, but unable to cross, through they should perish with hunger.

The air was chilly and fetid in the cars; it was filled with rain and cold without. It was not a cheerful beginning of their "marching onward" to war.

In vain they looked about for some inviting place for hungry men to appease their raging appetites. None was in sight. By and by one called out, as he said, to cross the Potomac on a foraging expedition. Although he crossed a good deal of water, we don't think that it belonged to that river. When he returned, he had a loaf of bread, which he divided with his mess, and they ate as though it was uncommonly good.

"I say, Bill," said one soldier to another, "lend me a piece, and I'll go and get a loaf and divide it with you. I am hungry enough to eat horse."

Bill, however, refused to lend, because Jim had told to play a former loan.

Several other soldiers, tantalized with the sight of food, felt hunger all the keener; and as though they could not sit there starving, started out in pursuit of food. It was not so easy for a stranger to find it in that neighborhood as in some parts of the city.

They would find grog everywhere, anywhere. If we mistake not, there are three of these pauper-making, soldier-killing holes on the corners of Thirty-second street and Tenth

avenue, while on the other there is a very humble-looking butcher shop, kept by an Irishman with a heart bigger than that of any ox he ever hung upon his meat hooks. The only name that we can give him is the one that he gave us when we inquired it. It was "Abraham." "And your wife's?" "Sarah."

If the doctrine of transmigration be true, then had these good people the souls of the old patriarch and his wife. Their characters correspond to their names, that we read of in the Book where we found the lines that head this item.

A squad of the soldiers were wandering along the opposite side of the street peering about; Abraham saw that they were in pursuit of something that was not to be found in a bar-room, and "he lift up his eyes" and beckoned with his hand, and when they came over, he said:

"Are you hungry? Then pass not away. Come in here; I will fetch a morsel of bread and comfort ye, God bless ye."

And so he led them through his little meat shop, into a little back room, and there was Sarah; and Sarah said:

"Och, sure, gentlemen, ye're as welcome as sunshine in a harvest, to the little that we can give ye, and if it's none of the richest, I am sure ye have got what'll be after giving it the sweet taste."

So, while Sarah bustled about her kitchen, parlor, and dining room, all in one, that did not contain a single whole chair, but several benches and stools, upon which she seated her guests around the pine table, Abraham went out and brought in some loaves of bread, and Sarah sliced off generous quantities of head cheese, and poured out cup after cup of good strong hot coffee, and probably never felt happier than she did to see these men eat her humble fare with so much relish.

In the meantime Abraham had gone out in front of his shop again to "lift up his eyes" and whenever he saw more hungry soldiers, he beckoned them over, introducing them to Sarah something in this way:

"I say, old woman, could ye be after giving these a sup of yer coffee and a bite of bread; there's hungry as the others, and God will be giving ye his blessing for it; and maybe somebody will be feeding our Mike when he is hungry."

"Indeed, I will, to the last sup in the kitchen. Now, good men, will ye that are full, be after retreating a bit, so that the empty ones can get in, God bless ye."

Again the cups and plates were replenished; again Abraham sallied out to some place that he knew of for a basket of loaves; and so again after squad were fed, and we hope all felt as much thankfulness in their hearts, as these good souls did pleasure at the opportunity of giving the best they had to feed the soldiers of their adopted country.

A gentleman who happened to be present at the interesting feast, was anxious that Abraham and his wife should accept something in the way of compensation.

"Niver a ha'penny. An' hivin' I a son and a nevy in the army, an' want God be good to them to pay me for all this? An' maybe they may want to share a crust that some of these poor fellows may have to give some day. And want I taste all the sweeter to know their poor old mother has paid for the crust in advance, with a bite and a sup to these poor fellows? No, no, 'tis never a cent that I'll cross my palms for all I have given. It would be cursed to me, and burn a hole in my pocket to let the siller out. I am sure ye are as welcome as those that Abraham and Sarah of old fed with the young calf, nice and tender; and all I ask is that ye will read that story when ye want to remember us as ye 'pass on.' God bless and always feed ye, as long as ye fight the enemies of our country."

And so with thankfulness and blessings, the soldiers passed on; but they will never forget Abraham and Sarah as they found them in New York.

The War for the Union.

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

The battle of Pea Ridge was emphatically the Buena Vista of this war. Commencing on the morning of the 6th of March, by the attack of the combined Confederate forces upon Gen. Sigel's Division, then stationed at Bentonville, Gen. Sigel sending his train ahead and reserving one battery, with between eight hundred and a thousand men, commenced one of those masterly retreats which have already rendered his name famous. Planting a portion of his guns, with his infantry to sustain them, he would pour the grape and shell into their advancing squadrons until, quailing before the murderous fire, they would break in confusion. Before they could re-form, Sigel would lumber up and fall back behind another portion of his battery, planted at another turn in the road. Here the same scene would be gone through with, and so on continuously for ten miles. What made this march a more difficult achievement was the condition of the roads, which were in many places very narrow and badly cut up. This brought General Sigel's Division to the west end of Pea Ridge, where he formed a junction with Generals Davis and Carr's Divisions. Night coming on, strong pickets were placed, the teams corralled, and the soldiers lay upon their arms. During this day Gen. Curtis was diligently preparing earthwork defenses, cutting timber, &c., to check the progress of the enemy along the Fayetteville road, where they were confidently expected by him. During the day and night of the 6th, Van Dorn moved his entire forces around the west side

of our army, Gen. Price occupying the Fayetteville road north of Gen. Curtis' Camp, while McCulloch and McIntosh lay north of Gen. Sigel. The Confederate forces fronting south, Price's forces formed their left wing. The distance of the main bodies of the two wings of each army apart was near three miles, thus forming in fact four distinct armies. Van Dorn and Price being opposed to Gen. Curtis, who had with him Gen. Davis's, Carr's and Asboth's Divisions, while McCulloch and McIntosh were opposed to Sigel, who had but one Division, that of Gen. Osterhaus. Gen. Curtis was compelled to make a change of front; in doing this he withdrew all his forces from the South range of hills, except a few companies to guard the Fayetteville road, and placed them almost two miles North, their front resting on the brow of a range of hills fronting to the North.

On the 7th the battle commenced on the right of our column, and raged furiously during the entire day, Col. Carr's Division bearing the brunt of it on our side. The Confederates, owing to their immense superior numbers, the numerous and deep ravines, and the thick brush which covered the hills, succeeded in driving our right wing from the ground occupied in the morning. The loss here was severe on both sides, the short range at which the fighting was done giving the rebel shot-guns, which were loaded with from fifteen to twenty bullets each, a great advantage over our more deadly but single balls. The Confederate forces camped on the battle-ground, while our right wing fell back about from one half mile to a mile. The entire fighting ground occupied by this portion of the armies did not exceed three-fourths of a mile in diameter. The fighting on the left wing, this day, proceeded with various changes, and occupied a far greater field, extending over a space of from one and a half to two miles. McCulloch commenced moving his forces to the South and East, evidently intending to form a junction with Van Dorn and Price, and by so doing surround our entire army on three sides, at the same time cut off totally all hope of retreat of our forces. Gen. Sigel detecting this movement, sent forward three pieces of flying artillery, with a supporting force of cavalry, to take a commanding position, and delay their movements until the infantry could be brought up into proper position for an attack.

These pieces had hardly obtained their position and opened fire when an overwhelming force of the enemy's cavalry came down upon them like a whirlwind, driving our cavalry, scattering them, and capturing the artillery, and setting it on fire. This onslaught, which was made in the most handsome style, allowed their infantry to reach unmolested the cover of a dense wood. West of this wood was a large open field. Here, and in the surrounding wood, a protracted struggle ensued between McCulloch and Osterhaus. General Davis was ordered up to Colonel Osterhaus' assistance; and our forces, thus strengthened, finally routed and drove the enemy in all directions. McCulloch, McIntosh, and a number of the Confederate officers were killed.

Thus while the Confederate forces had been successful on our right, we had been equally successful on our left. The morale, however, was in our favor. The discipline of our troops enabling our defeated wing to remain compactly together while their defeated right, owing to their lack of discipline and loss of commanding officers, was very much disorganized.

During the night of the 7th both armies lay upon their arms. The Confederates, however, managed to form a junction of all their forces upon the ground held by their left wing, which was naturally a position of great strength.

The morning of the 8th was one of the deepest anxiety on the part of our army. The Confederate forces held the only road for our retreat; both armies had drawn their lines close. The woods and hills literally swarmed with foes. The prisoners we had taken assured us that the Confederates were perfectly sanguine of capturing our entire force, together with all our supplies. They out-numbered us three to one; besides, our men were much exhausted with two days of fighting and the loss of sleep—the nights being too cold to sleep without fire, and our proximity to the enemy, and position, not allowing us to build fires along our advance lines. Near a thousand of our men were dead or wounded. Both parties were eager for the fray—one, stimulated by an apparent certainty of success and hopes of plunder; the other, determined to conquer or die.

The rising sun was saluted with the smoke and roar of cannon. Colonel Carr's Division was strengthened by a large part of Colonel Davis' division—thus enabling our right wing partly to maintain its position. Gen. Sigel having learned the exact position of the enemy's batteries, commenced to form his line of battle, by changing his front so as to face the right flank of the enemy's position. Probably no movement during the war has shown more skill in the disposition of forces, or caused as great destruction to the party attacked, with so little loss to the attacking party. He first ordered the 25th Illinois, under the command of Colonel Coler, to take a position along a fence in open view of the enemy's batteries, which at once opened fire upon them. Immediately a battery of six of our guns (several of them 12 pounders, rifled), were thrown into line one hundred paces in the rear of our advanced infantry, on a rise of ground. The 12th Missouri then wheeled into line, with the 25th Illinois on their left, and another battery of guns was similarly disposed a short distance behind them.

Then another regiment and another battery wheeled into position until thirty pieces of artillery, each about fifteen or twenty paces from the other, were in a continuous line, with infantry lying down in front. Each piece opened fire as it came in position. The fire of the entire line was directed so as to silence battery after battery of the enemy. Such a terrible fire no human courage could stand. The crowded ranks of the enemy were decimated, their horses shot at their guns, large trees literally demolished; but the rebels stoutly to their post. For two hours and ten minutes did Sigel's iron hail fall thick as autumn leaves, furious as the avalanche, deadly as the sleet. One by one the rebel pieces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry. Onward came Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of theirs could face that iron hail, or dare to venture on that compact line of bayonets. They turned and fled. Again Sigel advanced his line, making another partial change of front. Then came the order to charge the enemy in the woods, and those brave boys who had lain for hours with the hail and shell of the enemy falling upon them, and the cannon of Sigel playing over them, rose up and dressed their ranks as if it were but an evening parade, and as the forward was given, the 25th Illinois moved in compact line, supported on the left by the 12th Missouri, acting as skirmishers, and on the right by the 24th Indiana. As they passed into the dense brush they were met by a terrible volley. This was answered by one as terrible and far more deadly. Volley followed volley; yet on, and on went that line of determined men. Steadily they pushed the rebel force until they gained more open ground. Here the Confederate forces broke in confusion and fled. The day was ours, and the battle of Pea Ridge was added to the already long list of triumphs clustering around the old starry flag.

All Sorts of Good Reading.

Some Childish Ideas of Things.

A devoted Christian woman was instructing her little nephew in serious things, and showed him a picture in Fox's Book of Martyrs where Christians were being torn in pieces by lions in the amphitheatre. The child looked on for some time in silence and evident sympathy, when all of a sudden he exclaimed: "See that poor little lion, he can't get any."

"What are you doing?" asked a mother of her little girl. "Playing school," was the reply. "But it is Sunday to-day," "I know it," said the child; "so I am playing Sunday school."

A mother was instructing her daughter in the duty of prayer and the sure answers given to believers; and proceeded to repeat the Lord's Prayer. When she came to the clause, "Give us this day our daily bread," the little one broke out with, "Oh, mother, say cake, say cake."

A young woman was examining a class in Sunday school; bowing to a lad of large size, she put the question, "Who made you?" He could not tell. She then asked a little lad who replied, "God made me." She proceeded to reprove the overgrown boy for his inability to answer a question which was so readily done by one not half his size; when he braced himself up pompously and said, "I should think he might know. 'Taint but a little while since he was made."

A lady asked a little two-year old, "Who gives you your daily bread?" "Daddy" replied the child, "but uncle Pete puts sugar on."

In a school, in Baltimore, the boys were reading from their class-books a story of returning good for evil. Philip had accidentally dropped his cane, a present from his father, upon Robert's pitcher, filled with water, and Robert, refusing to hear his apology, broke the cane in pieces. Some time afterward, Philip found Robert lying beneath a log of wood which had fallen on him. He very kindly lifted it off, and assisted him home, thus returning good for evil, or as Solomon has it, "heapings coals of fire on his head."

"Now see, boys," said the teacher, "what a noble little fellow Philip must have been. Now, what would you have done, Johnny, if your cane should be broken by another boy?" Little Johnny arose from his seat, and doubled his fists, while his eyes flashed as he said:

"I would lam him so bad that he could not stand!"

An Elegant Sentiment.

THE HON. MR. LATHAM, the Democratic United States Senator from California, uttered lately in that body the following noble sentiment, which every true patriot will indorse through out the length and breadth of the land. He said: "I shall stand by the Constitution and the laws. While the authorized Government of the United States holds that Constitution and those laws, it will have the sympathies of the civilized world. Without such obedience it can not triumph. Even as in the darkest night the mariner trusts implicitly and strictly to the unerring pointing of the needle upon the dial of his compass, so should we, in this hour of our Republic's 'mortal agony,' to the chart of our liberties, as prescribed in the Constitution of our fathers. So doing, we should triumph, 'as surely as the night succeeds the day'—we must triumph. But sir, forsaking this our chart and map, we shall, I fear, too soon be in the deepest current of that dark and turbid stream that has rolled through all time, bearing down toward the successive nations of the earth to the great sea of oblivion, to be forgotten forever and forever."

Didn't Hurt the Boots.

RATHER RACY is the following incident of life on the cars as related by a clever letter-writer:

Near at hand was a gentleman of a nervous temperament and excitable disposition, who was guilty of the egregious folly of endeavoring to transport safely a new and glossy silk hat, more commonly denominated a "plug" hat, and which, through fear its shining surface might be rubbed, he had carried in his hand for a considerable number of miles. The hat was carefully wrapped in paper and deposited in what was deemed a safe place, where none would be apt to steal or molest it. The gentleman retired. Morning came, and his hat was nowhere discernible. After searching long and anxiously, it was at last discovered in the rear of the car, with a brakeman standing upon it, gazing intently out of the window at the beauties of the scenery as the glorious rays of the morning sun darted up from behind the eastern horizon.

The gentleman was angry—not to say mad. With a frantic rush at the offending employee, which nearly upset that individual's equilibrium, he seized the once shining but now dilapidated hat, and holding it aloft exclaimed: "How dare you, how dare you, sir, I say, stand, with your boots on my hat?" The employee glanced first at the gentleman whose property had been injured, next at the hat, which looked like a tin kettle after having passed through a charcoal and lastly at the boots which had done the deed, then slowly drew out, "give yourself no uneasiness, sir; the boots are old ones and I don't think it has hurt 'em any!" "Crushed again," groaned the injured one, as he settled down in his seat with a look of agony which would have made the fortune of any play actor who could successfully have imitated it.

Firing a Mortar.

THE firing of a mortar is the very poetry of a battle. A bag of powder weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds is dropped into the bore of the huge monster. The derrick drops the shell in; the angle is calculated; a long cord is attached to the primer; the gunner steps out upon the platform, and the balance of the crew upon the shore. The Captain gives the word, the gunner gives his cord a sudden jerk, a crash like a thousand thunder follows, a tongue of flame leaps from the mouth of the mortar, and a column of smoke rolls up in beautiful deadly spirals, enveloping into rings of exquisite proportions. You can see the shell as it leaves the mortar flying through the air, apparently no larger than a marble. The next you see of the shell is a beautiful cloud of smoke bursts into sight, caused by the explosion. Imagine ten of these monsters thundering at once, the air filled with smoke clouds, the gunboats belching out destruction and completely hidden from sight in the whirls of smoke, the shell screaming through the air with an unearthly sound, and the distant guns of the enemy sending their solid shot and shell above and around us, dashing the water up in glistening columns and jets of spray, and you have the sublime poetry of war.

Economy of Human Life.

THE peace of society dependeth on justice, the happiness of individuals on the certain enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbor; let what ever is his property be ascertained by thy touch.

Let no temptation allure, nor any provocation excite thee to lift up thy hand to the husband of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom; O tempt not to sin.

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone.

In thy dealings with man be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust; and deceive not the man that reth upon thee: be assured, it is less evil in the sight of God to steal, than to betray.

Oppress not the poor; and defraud not of his hire the laboring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make advantage to himself.

Pay the debts which thou owest; for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thy honor; and to withhold from him his due is both mean and unjust.

Finally O son of society examine thy heart; call remembrance to thy aid, and, if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed take sorrow or shame to thyself and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

Our Public Men.

REV. DOUGLAS BULLOCK delivered a lecture on "The War" in Portland, a short time ago, in the course of which he thus sketched some of the prominent members of the Government. We quote from the report in the Portland Transcript:

President Lincoln he characterized as simple, faithful, firm, unwavering, unambitious, honest—not a genius—Jackson had not a more unbending will; and I am sure he was not honest—just the man to hold the helm at this time—doesn't care a snap whether he is to be the next President or not—a long-minded, as he is a long-bodied man, looking on all sides of a question—Providence never gave

us a better man than honest old Abe. [Applause.] Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, is Jove-like in person, a man of large judgment, comprehensive mind, honest purpose—possibly a little ambitious, as Caesar was—but incorruptible. Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, it would do you good to see. He looks like a chaplain—a benevolent, genial man, of great energy, and every inch a man. General McClellan was described at length as compact, handsome, supple, graceful in movement, no marked prominence of intellect, (glad of it, for we Yankees are apt to be all afraid,) unaffectedly dignified and frank, not afraid of responsibility, an air of success about him, something of the man of destiny; (he has a heavy under jaw;) he does not look great but as though he was certain to do great—a true product of America, combining all the best products of Young America, stands little on precedent, is getting ready to do the thing, and will yet win the great victory and deliver us from all our troubles.

John B. Weller and Uncle Abe.

While in Washington we heard a good story in regard to Uncle Abe and John B. Weller, "the Mexican killer."

Weller was at Washington settling his accounts as Minister to Mexico. After their adjustment, he concluded to pay his respects to Mr. Lincoln with whom he had served in Congress. He called at the Presidential mansion and was courteously received.

"Mr. President," said Col. Weller, "I have called to say to you that I must heartily endorse the conservative position you have assumed, and will stand by you so long as you prosecute the war for the preservation of the Union and Constitution."

"Col. Weller," said the President, "I am heartily glad to hear you say this."

"Yes, Mr. President," said Weller, "I desire an appointment to aid in this work."

"What do you want, Colonel?" asked Abe.

"I desire to be appointed Commodore in the Navy," said Weller.

The President replied, "Colonel, I did not think you had any experience as a sailor."

"I never had, Mr. President," said Weller. "But judging from the Brigadier Generals you have appointed in Ohio, the less experience a man has the higher position he attains."

Lincoln turned off with a hearty laugh and said—"I owe you one, Colonel."—*Seneca Advertiser.*

Greek Fire Shells.

A Mr. Smar, of Buffalo, has invented a shell filled with "Greek Fire," which gives promise of terrible efficiency as a war agent. Experiments made in Buffalo were highly satisfactory, and a letter to the Boston Post says:

During the recent trip of the gunboat Saxon to Ship Island, four shells filled with "Greek Fire" were thrown, some upon the enemy's shore, and others into the air. Those thrown upon the land (a distance of about three miles) fired a large caselike, which burst with great fury, and was still on fire upon the return of the Saxon, five days later. One of the shells exploded in the air, jetting a thousand streams of fire in all directions, and illuminating the sky and ocean with a novel and brilliant light. The officer who managed the experiments says that the effects of the great sheets of flames suddenly bursting out of darkness was indescribably magnificent. It is no secret in Secession that this "avenging fire" will soon be in their midst.

HORSES.—HORSES I learned to govern by the law of love. The relation of friendship between man and horse, there is no trouble. A Centaur horse, is created. The man will whither; the horse, at the will of his better half, does his best to go thither. I become very early, Hippodamos, not by force, but by kindness. All lower beings—fleshly beings apart—unless spoiled by treachery, seek the society of the higher; as man, by nature, loves God. Horses will do all they know for men, if men will only let them. All they need is a slight hint to help their silly brains, and they dash with ardor at their business of galloping a mile a minute, or twenty miles an hour; or of leaping a gully, or pulling tonnage. They put so much reckless, break-neck frenzy in their attempts to please and obey the royal personage on their back, that he needs to be brave indeed, to go thoroughly with him.—*John Drew.*

THE loss of the rebels at battle of Winchester was not less than one thousand killed and wounded; and general estimate is 1200. Our loss was about 200 killed and 250 wounded. Six thousand stand of arms were taken by our men on the battle field of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and a large quantity of other stores, including a brass field piece taken from us at Bull Run.

Those enemies of General McClellan that most fiercely long for his defeat are not in the Southern Confederacy. We wish they were.

A man in Memphis writes to his friends in Richmond, "we have no noise here at present." He needn't be troubled so that come, there will be an abundant supply of the article in that quarter by and by.

An Iowa regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath shall read a chapter in the Bible. Several have got nearly through the Old Testament.

THE Southern Government is all the time issuing proclamations. It talks too much. We are disposed to say to it as the man said to his wife when she was speaking, her parting words to him in her last moments—"Pooh! pooh! don't trouble yourself to talk, but go on with your dying."

Sabbath Miscellany.

Christian Lament.

Loose afflictions will much set off the glory of heaven. The longer the storm the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. The new wine of Christ's kingdom is most sweet to those who have long been drinking gall and vinegar. The higher the mountain, the gladder we shall be when we get to the top of it. The longer our journey is, the sweeter will be our end; and the longer our passage is, the more desirable will the haven be.

A murmurer is an ungodly man; he is an ungodlike man; no man on earth more unlike to God than the murmurer; and therefore no wonder if, when Christ comes to execute judgment, he deals severely and terribly with him. Let him make what profession he will of godliness, yet if murmuring keeps the throne in his heart, Christ will deal with him at last as with ungodly sinners.

A lazy Christian will always want four things—comfort, content, confidence, and assurance. Assurance and joy are choice denizens that Christ gives to laborious Christians only. The lazy Christian has his mouth full of complaints, when the active Christian has his heart full of comforts.

God loves to smile most upon his people when the world frowns most. When the world puts its iron chains upon their legs, then God puts His golden chains about their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands, then God drops some of his honey, some of his goodness and sweetness into it. When the world is ready to stone them, then God gives them the white stone; and when the world is tearing their good names, then He gives them a new name, and none knows but he that has it—a name that is better than that of sons and daughters.—*Spurgeon's Sermons.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LINDER.—One day, a staff officer caught him with a Bible in his hand, and said:

"General, do you ever search the Scriptures?"

General Linder replied: "My mother gave me a Bible, which I have always carried with me. Once, in the Rocky Mountains, I had only fifteen pounds of flour. We used to collect grasshoppers at four o'clock in the day, to catch trout for supper at night. It was during the Mormon War, and my men desired to turn back. I was then searching for a route for the wagon-road. I will turn back if the Bible says so, said I, and we will take it as an inspiration. I opened the book at the following passage: 'Go on, and search the mountain, and the gates of the city shall not be shut against you.'"

All concurred in the definite statement of the passage, and the daring explorer once more led his men into the wild country of the Indians.

War-Idiot.

Frontier-Idiot.

We trust to our Fists. The rebel troops trust to their feet.

The rebel troops are shoeless, and their efforts are bootless.

There is no salt in the South. The Confederates are out of season.

If the rebel troops are raw, a hot fire will soon cure that defect.

The situation of shoeless would be a sin-cure in the bare-foot rebel army.

Gen. McClellan, to make sure of taking the enemy, determined to first take time.

Floyd has just braved courage to steal guns, and far to little to stand before them.

Almost everywhere the rebels are in full flight. They have wonderfully slow stirring armies.

It is fine spring weather with us, but as for the rebels, "now is the winter of their discontent."

If it hadn't been for the Monitor, the Merrimack would have run off all the blockading squadron that she didn't sink. That would be "running the blockade" with a vengeance.

The Richmond papers are making inquiries as to the Monitor's construction. They may put just what construction upon her they please.

A Clarksville letter says that there are "just eleven Union men" in that city. "and no more." We trust that the "leven will" "leaven the whole lump."

Our Generals are everywhere cleaning out the rebels, and it must be said, to Curtis and Sigel's credit, that Price was a very difficult fellow to clean out.

The rebels say that their armies, if defeated, will retire for defense each to some mountain fastness. We have been admiring their fastness for some time.

Whenever our troops march upon a rebel force, the latter, who probably never heard of Chesterfield, are guilty of the gross rudeness of turning their backs upon their victors.